SOME SPRING SYMPTOMS

Oriental Embroideries Will Be a Special Fad.

Ultra Fashionable Women Will Wear Gowns Wrought by Chinese and East India Natives—Something New in the Combinations of Lace—"Putty Color" Is a Coming Shade.

The vogue for Oriental embroideries is said to be coming in with a rush that will set all women working with silks. Gold will be scattered through the design with silver threads among the gold. Orientals are capable of getting effects without black, but even in their work black is good and can be introduced in threads of shining silk or overlaid in a tiny line of black jet.

The very latest and most ultra of all dress fads, and one of the most expensive, is the sending of a gown to China to be embroidered. An outgoing steamer took no less than three of these dresses, all made up and ready to be worn save that they lacked the embroiderer's needle. These will be taken to the land of the Mongol and there decorated with Chinese embroidery and brought back.

One of the features of the real Chinese embroidery is the presence of animals, birds, queer crawling things, tiny ill-shaped beasts, and myriads of small bugs.

These, if so ordered, can be used sparingly and not sufficiently to injure the design.

The embroidery of India is quite distinctive, but how try to describe it? Owing to the inaccessibility of the country and the length of time it would take to get a garment there and back, none of the ultras have as yet attempted the feat of sending a gown there to be completed, but, on the other hand, the India quarters of New York have been besieged with visitors and every native India woman and man is now busily employed embroidering the gowns that will be worn this spring.

A little fashion that is creeping in is that of the intermixture of fine lace and coarse lace, one often being appliqued into the other. Another tiny mode is the placing of ribbon of two colors under lace, the two strips of ribbon being sewed together and covered with lace which shows the two colors through the meshes. A strip of salmon ribbon was laid alongside one of green satin, and the whole was then used to border a flounce.

Tucks as a skirt trimming, running from the belt downward, are said to have gone out of style, but you will see them. Many of the latest importations are trimmed with them, and the dressmakers in this country who set the style along certain lines for the whole world, even for Paris, predict a tucked season for spring.

A hair vogue that is coming in is that for the wired flower. A golden rose is elevated upon a wire and is fastened in the coiffure. There it stands and nods. The gold rose is used upon the bodice and is very pretty at the belt.

The colors of very early spring will be "string color" and "putty color," and these will be used with every variety of fur. Whole suits will be made up in them and fur trimmed.

The rage for gold is not abating, but it is used more artistically. These great barbaric bands of spring are modeled into artistic strips and used as a trimming. The day of the spike is at hand. These pointed ornaments are employed upon every variety of ribbon and string that hangs from the gown. The flattened spike or medallion is also seen, and all the spring we shall rejoice in these trimmings.

It was the French woman who discovered the chic of black! When all the world of fashion was struggling out of a prismatic chaos of color she stood serene in the very centre of light and allowed its brilliancy to glance across her. The colors found a resting place in the knot of black which adorned her, and from that they harmonized the whole.

Black is considered by many who study color the keynote to effect. Unless, in your color scheme, there is a chance to see black from one viewpoint or another, you may well hesitate before pronouncing your gown completed.

Straps of all kinds appear in all sorts of places this year, and are frequently finished at their pointed edges with one or three small buttons. Several straps, beginning at the shoulder of a flannel shirt waist, are carried, three or more on each side, half way down the waist and are finished with a point. A pretty way to make a waist, something of an entre deux, is with satin ribbon and tucks. The waist is tucked in groups of three narrow ones, running lengthwise, a space of the width of the tucks being left between them. In this is stitched satin ribbon the color of the waist. The tucks being narrow, there is good showing of the ribbon, which gives a nice look to the waist, and it is not expensive. The collar to this bodice may be plain and straight and fastened with a point at the side and finished with three little buttons if desired. The sleeve can be gathered into an inch-and-a-half-wide band at the wrist, which is lapped over in a point at the side to match the collar.

New York's Indian Pupil.

The first Indian girl to enter the public schools of New York city has just been admitted into School 45. Her name is Beulah Dark Cloud, known as "Bright Eyes" in her Indian tongue. She is sixteen years of age, and a full-blooded member of the Abenaki tribe. The aboriginal home of her people was formerly Northern Maine, but they emigrated a number of years ago to St. Francis Island, off the Canadian Shore, which they have since occupied as their reservation. On account of her unusual mental gifts for one of her race her parents decided to surround "Bright Eyes" with the most civilizing influences at their command. She studied for the first time last year at the Indian Mission School of Sabrevois, Montreal, says a writer in "Leslie's Weekly."

Here she made most astonishing progress in all branches, and at the end of the term stood second in a class of French-Canadian white pupils, many of whom were older by several years than herself. She was also confirmed in the Episcopal Church connected with the mission school. "Bright Eyes" is a fine type of the Indian girl—straight as an arrow, with luxuriant black hair, dark eyes, and has a remarkably expressive face both in point of culture and beauty. She reads and writes English, and is most fluent and correct in language. She dresses in modern attire; going home she dons her Indian costume now and then. In music she is likewise making rapid progress. Dark Cloud—or Mr. Tahamont—her father, is one of the best Indian models in the country, and has been engaged by several prominent artists to pose for them during the winter in New York.

Charlotte Bronte's Wish.

"I must confess that my first impression of Charlotte Bronte's personal appearance," says her publisher, "was that it was interesting rather than attractive. She was very small, and had a quaint, old-fashioned look. She had fine eyes, but her face was marred by the shape of the mouth and by the complexion. There was but little feminine charm about her; and of this fact she herself was uneasily and perpetually conscious. It may seem strange that the possession of genius did not lift her above the weakness of an excessive anxiety about her personal appearance. But I believe that she would have given all her genius and her fame to have been beautiful. Perhaps few women ever existed more anxious to be pretty than she, or more angrily conscious of the circumstance that she was not pretty."

VICTORIA'S FANCIES.

She Had Many, and Retained Them to the End.

Victoria the Good had many hobbies. She collected photographs, china, and camel's-hair shawls. She prided herself on her mastery of Hindostanee. She was an admirer of fine cattle and had a weakness for white and "cream-colored" horses. But above and beyond all other things, Victoria loved flowers. As a girl and as a young matron she was an enthusiastic gardener. Her big sunhat was almost as familiar to the gardeners of Windsor as were the carnation beds in which the sovereign was specially fond of working, snipping, and clipping and weeding, to her great content and the gardeners' amazement. One of the favorite stories (Britons always call them "pretty stories," says the "Commercial Advertiser"), told of Empress Frederick is that when she was a small girl she was assisting her royal mother in the flower beds. The Queen noticed that the small Victoria did not wear gardening gloves, and reminded her that when she (the Queen) was a child she was not permitted to work in the garden with bare hands. "Perhaps not," said the young Victoria (according to the "pretty story"), "but you were not born Princess Royal of England, I was."

The Queen's favorite flowers were violets and her greenhouses always boasted some in bloom, as the old as well as the new varieties were cultivated by her gardeners. Roses under glass were also a specialty of the Queen's greenhouses, and the climbing white niphetos was Her Majesty's favorite. She also loved mignonette, wall-flowers, honeysuckle, and other hardy outdoor plants and blossoms that were generally grown in her young days.

The orchid house at Frogmore shows some rare plants, and the sacred bean of Egypt was always visited in its flowering season by its royal owner; few cultivators succeed in blooming it yearly, a fact of which Her Majesty was justly proud. The palmhouse is brightened by the scarlet flowers of the poinsettia, which are cut in quantities for vase and table decoration. For maidenhair ferns the Queen had a fancy, and her private sitting-room was generally adorned by a fine specimen or two.

The advance made in all branches of gardening during her reign interested the Queen much more than mere discoveries like the telephone and electric lighting. It was only a few years ago that she consented to have electric lights in her various palaces, but she was always ready to make experiments in floriculture and try any new methods of growing fruits and vegetables.

Among the fruits cultivated under glass for Victoria's special delectation were bananas and strawberries, the former bearing fruit, the latter blossoming, about Christmas time; and basketfuls of ripe strawberries were picked every February for the Queen's table.

Grapes make a fine show at Windsor. The vineries, heavy with thousands of clusters of grapes, are a wonderful sight. In these houses it is possible to gather peaches in May, and this is where over 12,000 strawberry plants are raised annually. One novelty in the way of fruit is the Japanese date plum. Here, too, or rather in specially constructed pits quite near, grow the pineapples, which are ready in midwinter, and are of noted excellence. Tomatoes are never "out of season" at Windsor, and the Queen's gardeners are said to grow the finest green peas, beans, and potatoes in England.

FALLEN IDOLS.

Heroes of Novels Are No Longer Worshiped as of Old.

"Girls don't worship heroes in these days," observed the woman who reads serious books sometimes, but thinks of frivolous things often. "They prefer to be heroes themselves. Dear me, what rapturous, tearful times our mothers and grandmothers used to have when they read novels. A book was not a mere book in those days. It was a source of endless sighs and emotions and discussions. The paper hero had almost as many adorers as he had readers. But in these days where is the curly headed school girl who confesses to a secret passion for the hero of the latest novel, and draws imaginary profile portraits of her king, with very large eyes and a very thin neck, on the fly-leaves of her dictionaries and grammars? It would be hard, perhaps, to idealize the hero of the modern novel, in which (to use an Irishism) the real hero is certainly the heroine. What room do the Beths, the Isabel Carnabys, the Angela Lorrains of the twentieth century plot leave for the dashing, masterful heroes of long ago, whom gentle, crinolined maidens used to love so well?

"It would be hard indeed to picture Guy Livingstone leading to the altar the irritating femme incomprise, Mavis Clare, or to imagine Ouida's gorgeous Chandos pinned by the heroine with 'views' and requested to favor her with a detailed biography of his stormy youth before presuming to offer her the remains of his battered yet still fascinating heart.

"No, the hero is dead—fallen from his pedestal, buried in the dusty recesses of the attic. And yet how well he once was loved! How femininity thrilled to the gloomy wickedness of 'Lara,' worshiped Rochester, adored the surly Paul Vasher in 'Comin' Thro' the Rye.' I know a dear old lady who tells me that in her schooldays (she 'flourished' in the era of low-necked plaid frocks and visible white pantalettes) she used to blush whenever Marmion's name was mentioned, and always slept with a little woodcut of that uninteresting knight under her pillow.

"Perhaps Rochester and Guy Livingstone may be classed as the Don Juans of paper passions. Every governess in the forties took to sitting with her hands folded and her eyes cast down, and addressing her employer timidly as 'Sir.' Every woman under middle age in the fifties worshiped the iron-jawed dragon who had such a terrible temper, and was always just going to let it loose, and always provokingly just didn't. The rosewater and waxwork flower era which followed produced a great number of bonnes fortunes for Tennyson's King Arthur, and not a few for Lancelot, among the warmer blooded maidens. Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot cannot show much of a record in this line for their heroes. Only the fascinating villain Sterforth, the elegant Henry Esmond, and the romantic Daniel Deronda can claim a few conquests among literary-minded girls, although I have heard of one woman who confessed she had been in love with Tertius Lydgate all her life, even after she married a retired grocer.

"During recent years Edna Lyall's 'Donovan' was much beloved among the girls whose mothers had delighted in The Heir of Redclyffe;' but since his lamented demise, says an exchange, heroes have been altogether at a discount. Whether the modern heroine occupies the same place in the heart of youthful man cannot be ascertained with certainty, but may be considered very doubtful."

An African School Miss.

Immediately after a girl enters the Sandy a mark designating her rank is tatooed on a conspicuous part of her body, says Montressor Paull, in an article on "Boarding Schools for Native Girls in South Africa," published in "The Woman's Home Companion." During her stay at the school she is instructed by this faculty of old women in singing, in plays, and in the dance, and is required to commit numerous songs to memory; she is taught to cook, and instructed in other domestic duties, and is shown how to knit nets and to fish. At intervals the girls are permitted to visit their parents at their homes in the villages. But before making these visits they must first satisfy the requirements of what is deemed the conventional toilette. Their whole bodies are thoroughly rubbed with white clay, and then aprons made of the fibre of the leaves of the Palmyra palm are put on them, as the use of cotton stuffs are prohibited.

Paris Fashions.

Illustrated by Felix Fournery.

Copyrighted 1901, by S. M. Baldwin.

Empire Gown by Dœuillet of Paris.

PARIS, Jan. 14.—Empire styles have enjoyed such exceeding favoritism for several seasons past that it is rather astonishing to note how fashion still clings to that fickle goddess. There is every reason for this evident preference, however, for the devotees of fashion have found that nothing is more becoming or more artistic than the loose flowing robes of the Napoleonic period. The woman of today comprehends that the ill-fated Josephine sacrificed millions at the shrine of fashion. The dressmaker's creations at present are not less admirable and not less expensive than they were then.

One of the most exquisite gowns of this grade comes from the ateliers of Doeuillet, who makes a specialty of these costumes. It has a foundation princess slip of rose-colored satin, heavy and rich in quality and partly fitted to the figure with that incomparable chic and grace which denotes the master hand. There are no bones, but the short straight-front and low-busted corsets of the day are worn, as they accord well with the "empire figure." The form of this satin slip is quite tightly adjusted over the hips, but extends with a decided flare below the knees by means of a deep serpentine flounce of the same fabric faced on the inside by another ruffle of pleated taffeta of the same color.

Over the slip falls the overdress of rose-colored crepe de chine cut looser than the undergarment, but following its lines closely. It is elaborately appliqued with cream-colored guipure richly embroidered with gold thread and tiny spangles and strass. The skirt is fastened to a short empire corselet of rose-colored velvet several shades darker than the crepe de chine and likewise lace appliqued and embroidered in gold. At the back this corselet is much higher than in front, allowing for the deep decolletage and simulating a sort of bolero decorated like the front. The sleeves are as beautiful as they are novel and are composed entirely of unlined cream-colored guipure embroidered in gold and spangles. Three incisions made in the upper arm lend a decided air of novelty and add to the picturesqueness of the costume. These are finished with a narrow bias of cream-colored velvet. A deep bell cuff adds to the length of the sleeve and half covers the hand. A high stock of folded rose-colored velvet covers the neck and throat and a necklace and long string of pearls lends an appropriate finish.

Another Empire evening gown is of less elaborate construction, but is remarkable for its exquisite color scheme and is particularly adapted to a debutante. It is of ecru point d'esprit—there is great predilection shown for these dainty illusions, by the way—and the tight-fitting undergarment is of pale coffee-colored taffeta cut "en princesse" and extending into the customary flare below the knees where a deep dust ruffle of pleated taffeta lends the only stiffness permissible. The ecru point d'esprit is caught at the rounded decolletage in small folds which descend to the knee, enveloping the entire figure. A charming contrast is given by several rows of ruching made of fluffy black illusion and set on in slightly undulating lines encircling the bodice and the hem. The sleeves are elbow mousquetaires of point d'esprit of plain lining of taffeta like that which constitutes the underslip and finished at the elbow with a black illusion ruche. All around the decolletage are crushed jacqueminot roses, that exquisite shade of red which is absolutely ravishing with ecru. At each elbow is placed a large rose like a chou, while in the coiffure is a natural rose matching the artificial ones and some long-stemmed roses are carried in the hand.

A new development of the season seems to be what may be termed "tailor-made" evening frocks. Stiff satin or heavy brocades or gros grain are the usual materials employed, and very little trimming is used. English influence dictates the style of these clothes, and no woman save of the statuesque type should attempt to wear them. One handsome gown is certainly a reaction from the fluffy chiffon types generally so dear to woman. This model is cut "en princesse" of heavy silver grey satin with the skirt plain except for an artistic embroidery of sage green foliage encircling the flaring hem and extending upward along one side. The bodice is draped with pale grey chiffon, giving a bolero effect, and is caught high on one side with a diamond buckle. This decolletage is finished with a ruching of ecru point lace and two twisted bands of black velvet over the shoulders simulate the sleeves. Diamonds are befitting jewels to complete the distingue though cold aspect of this gown.

Princesse forms bid fair to enjoy renewed popularity in the coming season in opposition probably to the blouse effects which have become over-popular. Some of the latest velvet models for street wear have the skirt cut in one, with a high princesse girdle, and a short bolero cut rather straight and opening with much ornamented revers reaches just below the top of the girdle. Any preferred blouse or bodice may be worn with the costume.

FELIX FOURNERY.

HAND-MADE TROUSSSEAUX.

This Work Can Be Carried on Through the Mail.

"For the last two years my sister and I have cleared $5,000 by making high-class undergarments for women," Miss Mary L. Hanson said, when asked to talk of her work for the benefit of other women wage earners. "That, I think, is a very good showing for two women who have been in the business less than five years.

"I am sure we are the only women engaged in the business in this country," said Miss Hanson to an interviewer for the "Boston Globe," "but there are many in Europe, Germany especially, and it was while traveling there as the companion of a wealthy New York woman that I got the idea. I met through my patroness a woman who had accumulated a comfortable fortune by making undergarments, especially for trousseaux.

"I heard that Americans were her best patrons, and when I began to enquire found that no such garments could be obtained in America for anywhere near the same price. When I came home I consulted with my sister, who had been earning a very scant living with her needle, and we decided to try the experiment.

"Our first step was sending out circulars telling just what work we proposed doing, calling especial attention to the fact that all was done by hand, perfect fits were guaranteed, and that the cloth was shrunk.

"We were careful to see that these circulars fell into the right hands, and we gave as our reference my former employer and some one or two of her friends who were good enough to take an interest in our success. Though we secured the orders for several elaborate trousseaux before we really opened our place of business, I went out as a solicitor for other orders. That was the side of the business assigned to me, while we decided that my sister should take charge of the sewing and the cutting.

"At first I had all the sewing done here in New York by women who called for and delivered their work once a week. Then, knowing of several friends near our old home who were exceptionally good needlewomen, we determined to try sending them work by mail.

"This plan worked like a charm, not only on our side, but on that of the women we employed. We do not get the work done any more cheaply, but we are enabled to select from a larger number of workwomen and in that way get a higher class of work than we would did we confine ourselves to women in this section. Embroidery is done in the same way, and when new stitches are to be taught my sister is careful to send the most explicit instructions with a finished sample.

"As we guarantee perfect fits we have found that the best method is to let each woman make a garment of the lot sent to her and then send it back for any alterations that may have to be made.

"We now have 160 women employed the year round, and often have to call in extra help when the height of the season for weddings approaches. So far as I have been able to judge, these seasons come twice a year, June and October.

"We keep no ready-made clothing and never guarantee to turn out a garment in less than two days. As our business is managed we have a private patronage only, and I do not know that we care for any other.

"We keep six women on the road most of the time soliciting, and so far it has proved the most satisfactory arrangement. We began on less than $300 capital, and are now making the amount stated at first. There is money in the business for other women, and it is evident that every year more and more American women of means are demanding the very best handwork on their underwear."

Japan's Feast of Dolls.

The feast of dolls is the great holiday in the year for little Japanese maidens. It is held on the third day of the third month (March), and the dolls of the family which have belonged to the grandmothers and mothers are brought out. If a girl baby has been born since the last feast, a couple of beautiful dolls are bought for her and are reserved till she is old enough to care for them.

CHANGE FOR CHILDREN.

Some Have Too Much and Others Not Enough.

Two extremes have been taken by parents with regard to children handling money. Some give their children all the money they want, while others never give their children a cent. In the first case the children grow up without any idea of the value of a dollar, and are often obliged to learn later in life, through failure, the value of money. In the second case, as soon as the child reaches an age to earn anything, he wishes to enjoy the luxury and freedom of spending as he chooses, and often does so with about the same result as in the first instance.

Neither method is wise nor just to the child, says a writer in Good Housekeeping." A great deal of his future happiness and usefulness, as well as that of those connected with him, depends upon his ability to earn and manage an income. Whenever the child can earn money honorably, let him do so. Give a child a certain amount of allowance. As soon as he is old enough, teach him to keep a little book account. Let him spend some of his money. He will make mistakes, of course, but better learn to use good judgment through a 5-cent mistake when a child than through a $500 one when grown. Advise a child how to spend it, but if possible make him feel that he is responsible for the result. Every time that he makes a poor bargain, let him suffer the natural consequences. Teach him system in finances. One of our wealthy men made it a rule to always lay by one-fifth of his income for a nest egg. A certain proportion should be given to benevolent and religous purposes.

By teaching a child honor and good judgment in the use of money, you teach him much that goes into the making of a good citizen.

"The king orders you executed at sunrise for offending the queen."

"But she wanted me to elope with her, and I refused."

"That's just it."—Life.

HARRIET LIVERMORE.

She Was the First Woman to Address Congress.

Probably no more remarkable woman existed and died in the past century than Harriet Livermore, though little is known of her to persons who would find a study of her life revealing a complexity of traits or characteristics that many a novelist would hesitate to ascribe to a fictitious character.

From her cradle days she was never at ease, because of her impetuosity, and her disposition was never under control. She was naturally generous, and was ever ready to confess her faults and seek forgiveness.

In her young womanhood she was fine looking, of medium height and unusually graceful, and had a fair complexion, hair a yard and a quarter in length, black and glossy, and large black eyes, shaded by heavy brows.

The very devout manner in which she taught her pupils to repeat the Lord's Prayer and the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm in concert was never forgotten by them. With closed eyes and in a voice as soft and low as that of an angel she impressed the recitation upon them. But woe to the unfortunate scholar who incurred her displeasure. Her rage was so sudden and intense, and her blows so severe, the return to the next session was most dreaded. Because of her accomplishments and social position she was continued as a teacher. She taught her girl pupils needlework and embroidery of her own exquisite designs, and specimens of her and their work are still extant in the families of some of her scholars.

In January, 1827, says the "Boston Transcript," she addressed the assembled Congress in the Hall of Representatives on religion, the President and secretary being present. She is said to have sung melodiously, her softest notes filling the vast room. Her preaching was also thought to have been eloquent and effective. She was the first woman that ever publicly spoke within the Congressional halls. Subsequently she spoke there in three other Administrations.

A Turk once offered her his arm as escort, which she refused with scorn, saying, "Christians have no dealings with the Turks."

In May, 1832, Miss Livermore went to the Far West and spent a year, principally among the Indians at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, traveling 6,000 miles, most of the distance through the wilderness. She wished to be of service to them, as she felt that they were of Israel, and would yet be restored to Jerusalem, and intended to spend her life among them, but as the Commissioner on Indian Affairs objected, her project had to be abandoned.

John G. Whittier says that in 1838, Miss Livermore stayed at his boarding place in Philadelphia for several days, and he assisted her in securing an audience to a lecture on her foreign travels, which netted her about $150.

She spent some time among the Dunkers, and was regarded by them as a gifted Christian minister. Her labors were blessed everywhere. Her first sermon in Philadelphia was delivered in a Dunkers' Church, and it was the means of the conversion of Sarah Righter, who subsequently married Rev. Thomas Major, and for forty years preached the gospel.

On returning, in 1862, from her last voyage to Jerusalem, she was for several years supported by her relatives and friends, to whom she became so troublesome that, November 13, 1867, her nephew placed her in the Blockley almshouse in West Philadelphia, where she died four months later, March 30, 1868, at the age of eighty. Property had been left for her in trust, but by unfortunate investments the trustee had lost it.

Miss Livermore's friend, Mrs. Margaret F. Worrell, caused her remains to be brought to her home in Germantown, and, after a simple service by a few of the friends of other days, had them interred in her lot in the Dunkers' cemetery. The grave is unmarked, but strangers point out the mound under which "The Pilgrim Stranger" awaits the coming of her King.

Her last days were marked by the same traits of character that had been prominent in her earlier years, but she had grown impatient with age. Her virtues, it is said, far exceeded her faults, and in spite of her eccentricities she accomplished much good in the service of her Master.

She was indeed a singular and remarkable woman, more pitiable than censurable. No one knows what fierce and unsuccessful struggles she had to overcome the violence of her peculiar disposition. A writer has said: "Half insane, half weird, and wholly willful, a virago and a vixen in one person, she was, in a sense the poet never thought of:

Commixture strange of heaven, earth, hell.
Without the first of the three elements."

BAD FOR BLONDES.

Here Is One Man's Very Unpleasant Theory.

"Every blonde woman bears the evidence of illness in her blue eyes and sunny hair as effectually as a pitted face indicates the ravages of smallpox."

That is what one lecturer told an interviewer from the "New York World."

"A blonde woman will not exist a year hence. Her flaxen tresses will reveal the fact that her blood is tainted. She will hesitate to admit this, and, if she is naturally a blonde, she will dye her hair and use the black pencil. If she is a peroxide blonde she will no longer visit the drug store unless to procure dye to undo the work she has already accomplished in the bleaching process.

"My discovery that blonde women are the result of a prehistoric disease came in a peculiar way. I have long believed that there was something peculiar about a sorrel horse. That color has been known but a comparatively few years. In my studies I learned not only that the peculiarity of color in the sorrel horse was the result of an infectious disease, but also learned that the same was true of blonde human beings.

"What that disease may have been is problematical, and I have not learned it. I know so much about it, however, that I can produce a sorrel colt at will by artificial infection. History fails to name the disease, but posterity has perpetuated the effect of its awful power. Where there appears a blonde man or woman there appears also the undeniable evidence of disease somewhere in the line of progenitors.

"Originally all men were of dark color. Just when the blonde appeared I cannot say, but the appearance of the light hair and eyes was simultaneous with the outbreak of terrible disease. A man with black hair and eyes fell sick in prehistoric times. When he recovered his hair was sunny and his eyes as blue as the sky. That strain is apparent in every blonde man or woman alive today.

"I shall prove my theory soon. It will have the effect of providing a new style of beauty to replace the blonde. No woman will be willing to admit that her beauty is at the cost of a frightful illness, and she might as well carry a banner explaining the difficulty of her forefathers as to wear yellow hair or blue eyes. She will endeavor to change these.

"I am not quite ready to divulge the secret of my discovery in its entirety. Suffice to say that a year hence there will not be one to doubt it. It is true, and I can prove it easily. I shudder to think of the depreciation in the value of horseflesh, but I am convinced that the sorrel horse will not be popular with aristocrats when they learn that the animal's color only exists because it has a disease which no one understands.

"My discovery proves that there was reason in the tradition that white horses and red-haired women frequented the same climes. The combination was wrong; that was all."

Mrs. Forrester—Seems to me that you would set your cap for Mr. Hall. He is evidently an easy catch.

Miss Chorister—Easy catch is no name for him. He has been an epidemic in our set for ten years.—Denver News.

HER ORIENTAL TRADE

"Real" Persian Rugs Made by Mrs. Volk, of Maine.

She Says It Helps to Solve the Problem, "What Can Women Who Remain at Home Do to Occupy Their Time?"—Above All It Signifies the Labor of the Hands.

Real "Oriental" rugs—real in color, texture, artistic finish, and permanency and real in the price asked and paid for them—are made "down in Maine."

Heretofore wealthy Americans have turned to the Far East for the costly rugs with which to embellish their houses. The rich, enduring colors, the significant, simple designs, the patient, perfect work, have been the exclusive property of the Orientals and the despair of the commercial peoples of other lands who sought to copy them. But now there has been established in a remote down east locality a rug industry that is attracting the favorable attention of connoisseurs. No attempt is made to reproduce the old patterns, but artistic principles that are true throughout the world are employed, and the work is done as slowly and as painstakingly as if the world wagged as slowly from one generation to another in our busy land as in the old Asiatic countries. Indeed, in Oxford county, Me., where this new work is being done, the bustle and the tumult of the world are hushed, says a writer in the "Cleveland Plain Dealer," and conditions tend to favor the turning out of work that will have a permanent value.

But when months of skilled hand work goes into a rug it cannot be sold in competition with the cheap machine-produced domestic rugs. It appeals to the tastes and purses of the cultivated and the rich, and thus enters into competition with the valuable importations from India and Persia. A small rug costs $50 or more, according to the design, and larger ones in proportion.

Already, although the industry is in its infancy, the value of the rugs has been discovered by those who are able and willing to pay for them, and Oxford county rugs are displayed with the same pride in their possession that the owner feels for his artistic finds from other lands.

The avowed purpose of Mrs. Douglas Volk, the wife of the artist who is promoting the enterprise, is to establish a dignified, artistic, and remunerative form of handicraft among a people of pure American blood, to preserve some of the best American traditions and customs, and to revive a process that has lapsed almost to extinction.

The Volks have a country place in that remote country far beyond the disturbing influence of railroad traffic, commercial hubbub and confusing marts. Their house is a century old, and its furnishings are the accumulation of its hundred years of occupancy by one family. Primitive simplicity prevails throughout the locality, and the artist and his family bring in no new ways from the larger world. Unfortunately, with the simplicity there exists a lack of prosperity among the natives. Many of the old sources of income have fallen into desuetude, and few new ones have been devised to take their place.

The women are capable, industrious, and intelligent, and many of them still use the spinning wheels and looms that once were found in every farm house throughout the country. Gradually, however, they were being banished to attic, cellar, or outhouse, or even left exposed to the out-of-door weather, and the homely arts of "ye olden time" were being forgotten. The young women were ignorant of the weaving of which their grandmothers were so proud.

But there were a few elderly women who retained a knowledge of carding, spinning, and weaving in all their branches, and to them Mrs. Volk appealed for instruction. She learned everything they could teach her, and then she set herself to teach others.

She encouraged all kinds of weaving, but her chief interest and endeavor centred upon the rugs, the making of which she is seeking to develop into an industry that shall prove a value to the community.

The country women had a way of pulling rags of yarn through burlap and trimming off the ends so as to make an even surface. She utilized this principle, but varied it so that it became practically a new industry. A material of greater strength and durability than burlap was hand woven to serve as the foundation for the rugs, and the yarn then was prepared by hand, drawn through and double knotted securely. Mrs. Volk looked after every detail, beginning with the washing of the wool direct from the sheep.

She experimented until she got satisfactory vegetable dyes, in which she colored the wool out of doors in great old-fashioned kettles. The only process which was not done by hand was the spinning, which was carried on in a picturesque old mill run by water power. Here the owners of the wool waited while the miller put the wool through the prescribed process and then carried it home with them.

In her own home Mrs. Volk began the work of manufacturing the rugs. The conservative country folk looked on wonderingly and dubiously at first, but her enthusiasm could not fail to have its effect, and soon she went from house to house showing the neighbors how to get the best effects and setting designs for them to copy.

Last winter she did not come to town at all, but stayed with her work in the quiet, snowbound country. This year she has left several women working in their homes on the rugs that she planned before she left in the fall. In the early spring she will return to Maine to carry forward the industry more actively. The work is slow and painstaking, but the results justify it.

Some of the rugs have been shown at art exhibitions in New York this winter, and have been the objects of high praise and commendation. Artists and rich people have given as many orders as can be filled for a long time by the few who have a sufficient knowledge of the work to carry them out.

Not only are the colorings of these rugs delightfully harmonious, but they are as nearly permanent as colors can be. The vegetable dyes used will not fade. The thick, firm weave also, makes the rugs practically indestructible, as far as ordinary use and wear go.

The importance of this new industry has several aspects. It is encouraging as an indication that Americans have a growing appreciation of the worth of hand work thoroughly done and of artistic values. It helps in the solution of a perplexing problem in the rural communities: "What can the women who remain at home do to occupy their time profitably?"

The old industries that have passed away left nothing to take their place. Time hung heavily, and, even with the strictest economy, it was difficult to earn enough money in out of the way places to pay for the simple purchases that had to be made. It will tend to revive and keep alive some of the primitive arts and occupations that were so distinctive of early American women and will stimulate the interest in a feeling for genuine art.

Above all, it will dignify the labor of the hands, which is to be commended from an industrial, social, or artistic point of view.

He Knew.

"What's twins, mamma?" asked four-year-old Bessie. "I know!" exclaimed her small brother before the mother could answer. "Twins is two kids just the same age, three's trinlets, four's quadrupeds, and five's centipedes."